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Gypsy to the Rescue

BY DAISY D. STEPHENSON.



"A first-rate mountaineer."

TO Jack Granby, straight from the rolling Illinois prairie, the rugged mountain country to which he traveled for his vacation was a new Wonderland. His cousin Jane was something entirely new in the way of girls. She could ride, fish, or hike, and enjoy a boy's sort of fun thoroughly, yet she helped her mother with all the housework and played the piano nicely. In no time at all, the cousins were the best of comrades, and Jane's father, Uncle Dick, dubbed the pair "Jack and Jill."

Jill's home was in a tiny village nestling in a narrow valley surrounded by towering hills and mighty mountains. A few miles farther up a canyon there was a mining-camp reached by a toilsome trail and traveled only by burros and hill-ponies. Uncle Dick had an interest in a silver mine, though he lived in the village, and owned a number of pack animals which he hired to men who went back and forth.

So Jack met Gypsy the very first day. "Gypsy is the smartest pony in the world. I think," Jill declared as the cousins leaned on the gate to the corral in which a dozen horses were kept. "Here she comes! I always have something for her, and you watch her beg." Jack grinned as the sturdy little pony pranced across the enclosure and, thrusting her nose through the bars playfully, nibbled Jill's sleeve. Jill pretended not to notice, and Gypsy shook her head impatiently and reached for Jill's pocket. Still receiving no attention, Gypsy expressed great surprise, and rearing up on her hind legs against the gate she whinnied and fairly begged to be petted. Jill gave in with a peal of laughter and handed the clever beggar two lumps of sugar. "So she's a return horse," said Jack, making friends with her on the spot with his offering of candy and his gentle touch. "I read about how ponies like Gypsy are trained to come home alone from a distance, in the Western book you sent me. They're as wonderful as carrier pigeons, I think. Don't any of them fail to get home sometimes?"

Jill shook her head emphatically. "Of course, Gypsy is the star of the lot and has helped Dad train the others," she explained as she led the way to the creek where they meant to fish for trout. "Gypsy's always back earlier than we expect her when she goes on a trip to the mine. Once Lad was away all night and Dad thought he had played truant. But it turned out to be the fault of his careless rider, who didn't tie the reins up care-

fully. They had fallen down and caught on the rocks, so the poor pony couldn't get loose without hurting himself. He was waiting patiently for help when Dad rode up next morning and Lad was simply wild with joy at sight of him. Now let's see if you can learn to cast for trout."

"Jack's a first-rate mountaineer already," Uncle Dick said one morning when Jack had been with them a month. Jack blushed modestly. He did not like to confess that once he left a trail he felt almost as helpless as a babe in the woods. It was so new to him—this world of countless evergreens and jumbled rocks, all of which looked exactly like others a little distance away. "I'm going to ride Gypsy to camp to-day," remarked Jill's father, after breakfast. "I may be gone till day after to-morrow. The new manager sent a call for help and I'll stay as long as I'm needed."

"Oh, don't keep Gypsy up there!" begged Jill, in alarm. "Jack and I are hiking to Sheep Cliff to-day to try to snapshot that band of mountain sheep. But we want

to ride to Fern Lake and picnic to-morrow, and we need Gypsy."

Her father considered this appeal a moment. "Well, I'll see about it," he told her. "If that prospector is through with Roany I'll ride him down and head Gyp for home this afternoon." With this uncertainty Jill had to content herself as she packed a good lunch for the day's trip.

"Do be careful, dear," Jill's mother cautioned as the two started out, Jill in a sensible suit of khaki that made her look as boyish as Jack. "That's the hardest climb around here and there's so much slide rock on that trail!"

"Now stop worrying, mother," laughed Jill, carelessly. "Even if I am Jill I won't let Jack fall down and break his crown on one of my hills! And instead of a pail of water we're going up to get a picture of old Big Horn and his band. We'll be home by sundown and ready for two helpings of supper."

So, armed with Jill's fine camera, a canteen, and a small knapsack, the blithe pair set out for the cliffs where Big Horn and his wild sheep climbed and grazed fearlessly where nothing but a fly could safely venture. "Of course we can go only to the base of the cliff," Jill explained as they climbed higher with the sun. "Some of the young sheep often play down lower, and I hope to surprise at least part of the kindergarten." But Jill's hope was not to be realized that day. She was so used to the rocky heights and zigzag trails

that she forgot to be cautious. Just before they reached the granite base of the cliff she decided to take a snapshot of a twisted old pine that stood out alone on a crag and had battled the winds and storms for centuries.

"You must have a picture of the Old Soldier to take home with you," she said to Jack, who stood puffing, a turn below. She stepped on a ledge that was bedded in gravel and small rocks, washed out by recent rains. She leaned forward to get the proper focus, but just as Jack sang lustily, "Look out!" it happened. Jill's weight started an unexpected rock slide that shot her downward without warning. Luckily some spruces midway checked her fall and she landed among them bruised, shaken, and very indignant.

Jack made his way down to her as rapidly as possible and to his dismay found his plucky cousin looking very white and miserable. "That's the goosiest thing I ever did!" she exploded, trying to keep back the tears of pain and vexation. "And oh, Jack, I hate to tell you," she looked

up with an attempt at a smile, "but a hateful big rock lit on my foot and I'm afraid some of my bones or toes are broken. Anyway, I can't stand up alone."

Holding on to Jack she bravely tried again, and though she managed it, between Jack and a friendly spruce, she could not bear her weight on the left foot. "This is a pretty fix," she groaned helplessly. "Four miles from home and only one foot to hop back on." Never before had Jill appealed to Jack for help, but now her eyes implored and Jack hastily assured her that it was all right.

"I can't carry you down," he admitted ruefully, "but I'll hustle back and get one of the horses. You could stand it to ride, couldn't you?" he broke off anxiously.

"Goodness, yes!" Jill replied with conviction. "I'm not bound for a hospital yet. I can't hobble so far, but I can stick on a horse long enough to get home. I'll forget my feelings and eat some lunch," she said, hopping lower to a shady boulder where she might be as comfortable as possible during the waiting. "There's a short cut," she told Jack as he grabbed his share of food and started away. "Over beyond the beaver meadow there's a moraine and if you turn to the west there you'll save nearly a mile. It's rather rough going but"—

Jack was already on the trail below. "I'll get there in a jiffy," he called cheerfully, "and you'll not be a maiden in distress very long." Alas for his confidence! He tried the short cut, as he thought, but after wandering among rocks and fording rills for nearly an hour he had to confess disgustedly that he was lost. He hallooed loudly, but was merely scolded by a gray squirrel and ridiculed by a blue jay. He tried to retrace his way to the beaver meadow, but found himself in a new region. There were rocks and trees all about him, and Jack felt like gnashing his teeth over his plight when he thought of poor Jill waiting patiently on the heights.

"Yes I'm a great 'Westerner already,'" he fumed, stopping to mop his red face and try to find his bearings once more. "I'll climb that hill and see what I can see. If there's a road or trail it ought to show up from there." This was the one wise thing he had done, he soon decided, for the first thing he spied when on top of the natural lookout was a rough road vanishing into the opposite hills, and there was a moving speck on the road. With hawklike eyes Jack watched till the speck grew larger. "It's a horse trotting along," he said with relief, "and nobody riding. Whoop-ee!" he gave a shout that startled a busy coney half out of its skin. "If it isn't Gypsy!"

Off he raced, sliding and tumbling to meet Gypsy, and joyous was the meeting on both sides. "Now I don't know the honest-to-goodness trail, Gyp," Jack confided to the intelligent beast, "but I do believe there's that old moraine hiding behind that aspen grove. Let's make for it." Now Gypsy did for her family what no stranger could have persuaded her to do. She left the home trail, for she felt there must be other work for her to do. Riding her with hope and relief singing in his heart, Jack decided to leave it all to Gypsy's instinct. And to his delight she soon picked up the trail to the cliff, having gone that direction with Jill a number of times. Jill was so happy to be rescued so

soon that she forgot her painful foot long enough to mount Gypsy and start for home while Jack contentedly plodded after.

"Jill fell down and broke her toe, While Jack came trotting after-O!" was the way Jill put it, later, when she could hike again.

"But Gypsy really saved the day and both of us," declared Jack, admiringly. "I was one lost gosling when she came in sight, and maybe I wasn't gladder to see her than all the mountain sheep in this State!"

A Summer Idyl.

BY MARY GOW WALSWORTH

OH, a wonderful secret I'll tell to you,
And never you doubt that the story
is true.

Little Boy Blue, a-blowing his horn,
Met little Bo-peep, on a summer's morn:
"Oh, the day is so bright and the forest
so fair,
Let us not linger, but hie away there."
So they ran and they danced by the forest
and stream
In the joyous abandon of fairy-book dream.

Oh, they laughed and they sang the summer day through,
Till the violets smiled with their eyes of blue,
And the brook, as he listened and leaped
on his stone,
Caught a musical measure and made it his own,
And the lilt and the ring of the jubilant notes
Was answered and echoed in merry bird-throats;
The little leaves danced, and the great boughs swayed;
The sunbeams laughed, and the breezes played.

Oh, the woods went wild in their joy that day
When little Boy Blue and Bo-peep ran away.
But—why should I longer the secret keep?
For this is the reason she lost her sheep.

The "Lie Story."

BY CLARA M. HAYES.

HERE is your egg, dear, just as you like it."
The egg and toast that Mother passed did look good, but Lucy May shook her head. "I'm not hungry, truly, Mother, and I might be late."

Daddy looked at his watch. "You have ten minutes more for breakfast, Sunshine, so stoke up for the morning's run."

Daddy said queer things, but he meant them too, so Lucy May ate her egg and toast, waved a good-bye kiss to Mother and Daddy, and started happily to school.

School was a wonderful place, fresh and new every morning. Sometimes, when she had studied extra hard, she would get a smile and a "very good" from Miss Brown that made her flush with shy pleasure. When the supervisor came in, there was a little thrill; and sometimes even the superintendent would come to their room, and the class would sit up very straight and almost hold its breath.

But there was one dreadful thing happened once in a while—some one would be late; and then, unless there was a good excuse, Miss Brown would look very stern,

and the tardy one would be kept in. One day a boy who was late and did not care was sent to the office, and came back with his eyes all teary. Lucy May had never been late. Just to think of it gave her a queer little weak feeling.

This morning, though, feeling sure of Daddy's watch, she trotted gaily along, not even listening for the bell. But as she turned the corner she missed the usual crowd of school-children. She hurried on. Not one was in sight. With a little cry she broke into a breathless run. At the gate, one other little girl was going in.

"Maude, what is the matter? Where is everybody? We can't be late."

"Guess so. Listen." Yes, they were singing! Maude started on. "Come on. No use standing there looking like that. If you go home you are playing truant, an' that's worse 'n ever."

Blindly Lucy May stumbled along and up the stairs, until with a little push Maude helped her through the cloak-room door. With trembling fingers she hung up hat and cloak, and then they were in the schoolroom and Miss Brown was looking very gravely at them.

"Mother is sick and needed me," said Maude, quickly.

"Very well," said Miss Brown.

Turning to Lucy May, she spoke kindly, for the rosy little face had gone white and the big blue eyes looked black.

"And you?"

"Mother is sick, too," stammered Lucy May.

At noon, Mother was listening for the quick scampering of feet that always told her when Lucy May had come home, when a sober little girl came slowly through the door.

"Were you late, dear? Daddy phoned that his watch was ten minutes slow. Never mind, I will write and explain to Miss Brown. Why, baby girl, what is it?" For Lucy May was sobbing so that Mother could hardly catch the words.

"Oh, Mother, I told Miss Brown a story, a real lie story. I was late, and Maude's mother was sick, and before I thought, I said you were sick and that was why, and now Daddy will never respect me any more." And Lucy May sobbed harder still. Mother drew her close and put a comforting arm around her.

"And after you had time to think, did you tell Miss Brown the truth?" she asked gently.

"I just couldn't. She wouldn't ever believe me any more. You are not going to make me tell her, Mother? I can't."

"I shall not make you."

"Do you mean Daddy will?"

"No, not Daddy."

"Then who?"

"I think my little girl will make herself do the right thing even if it is a very hard thing. You can wipe out the untruth with the truth. You won't be happy till you do, dear."

"But, Mother," shivered Lucy May, "I just can't. Not possibly."

"It was by doing the hard things, the things that could not be done, that Daddy and the other men helped to win the war." Mother waited for an answer, and the clock ticked loudly.

"I'm sorry," said a small choked voice, "but I truly, truly can't."

"I'm very sorry." Mother's voice sounded so grieved that Lucy May could not stand it.

"I'll go tell her. I'll go right now, Mother," she said, trying to be brave.

"And I'll go with you, Sweetheart," said Mother, with a kiss.

That was a big help. But at the school-house, when Miss Brown came to the door of her room, Lucy May could not find her voice at all until Mother said, "My little daughter has come of her own will to tell you something that she thinks you should know." Then Lucy May lifted her head and said the thing that was so hard to say.

As they went home, a very cheerful little girl skipped along by Mother's side.

"Wasn't Miss Brown nice, Mother? And she said she was sure she could trust me. I am so glad I told her. But"—sobering quickly—"what will Daddy say?"

"We shall know in a minute," was the reply.

"There he is, waiting for us, wondering where we have been. You tell him, Mother, please," begged Lucy May, hurriedly, as they neared the steps.

"What must be done with two run-aways?" asked Daddy. "Do you know you are A. W. O. L.?" But after a glance at his little girl's flushed and serious face, the smile left his own, and he turned to Mother.

"Tell him quick, Mother," whispered Lucy May.

So Mother told. When she had finished, Lucy May looked up timidly. She could not bear for her wonderful Daddy to be disappointed in her. But Daddy did not look disappointed. His eyes were shining.

"That's my soldier girl," he said, "and she won her battle, too."

Then he stood up tall and straight and gave her the salute. The next minute, she was hugged tight up in his arms.

Dean's Wireless.

BY ELIZABETH HART.

DEAN walked along just inside the pasture fence of barbed wire. He carried a stick in his hand, and every now and then he brought it down on the top strand, which gave out a ringing sound that traveled along the tightly stretched wire.

Dean walked slowly, listening until the last sound died away, when he struck the wire again. Then he stopped and made believe he was sending a message by telegraph. "Dot—dash, dot—dot—dash," he repeated aloud, making short and long taps on the wire with his stick.

It was his favorite make-believe. He had always been interested in sending messages. Uncle Joe had been telegrapher down at the station till the Great War began, and the little clicking instrument he had used had been an object of curiosity to Dean. It had seemed wonderful that the click-click, click-click, was a message from some one and had traveled over, perhaps, hundreds of miles of wire.

Since the war, Uncle Joe worked at a wireless station, and now, wonder of wonders! his uncle could catch quivers floating through the air, and put them into a message that told people something they ought to know.

As Dean walked along, tapping out make-believe messages on the wire fence, he was thinking of the things he had already learned about sending messages. "Stick to it till you get your message through." Uncle Joe said never to forget that.

GREAT, wide, beautiful, wonderful world,
With the wonderful water round you curled,
And the wonderful grass upon your breast—
World, you are beautifully drest.
Ah! you are so great and I am so small,

I tremble to think of you at all;
And yet when I said my prayers to-day,
A whisper inside me seemed to say,
"You are more than the earth, though you are such a dot:
You can love and think, and the Earth cannot."

WILLIAM BRIGHTY RANDS.

This afternoon, Dean had been sent to see if the upper gate of the big pasture was closed. Star, the two-year-old colt, had been found in the wheat, and Daddy thought that, as had sometimes happened, the colt might have pawed the gate open.

The big pasture stretched up from the barnyard over a gently sloping hill, so that the upper gate was out of sight by only a few rods.

"The gate is closed, all right," said Dean, talking to himself. "Star didn't get out here. She must have found a wire down somewhere."

He tap-tapped the wire, making believe he was sending word to his father who was fixing some machinery in the barnyard.

Dean studied awhile. "Perhaps if I climb up on the gate-post I can see if the fence is down anywhere around here," he said.

He climbed to the top of the gate-post by means of the tightly-stretched barbed wires. Getting to his feet he looked as far as he could see along the pasture fence. Then, he never knew just how it happened, his ankle turned and he tumbled. He flung out his hand to save himself and got an ugly scratch from a wire barb.

He tried to scramble to his feet, but a sudden, sharp pain in his right ankle brought the tears to his eyes, and he fell back with a cry of pain and surprise.

A sore and troubled little boy, Dean lay in the grass with his face buried in his

cap. Daddy had told him to hurry back, and now he couldn't walk. He couldn't drag himself over the mile of prairie grass that stretched down to the barnyard where Daddy was at work.

Mother was away and would not be home till late. He might lie there for hours. Perhaps they would not come up there to look for him at all. He had to bite his lips hard to keep from crying.

All at once a thought came to him that made him sit up with a laugh. He must send Daddy a message. He could get it through some way. He must.

He often sent his dog home with a note pinned to his collar, but, for a wonder, "Sport" was not with him this afternoon.

As he sat puzzling over a possible way of sending his message, three tumble weeds came rolling across the level field right toward him. It was a windy day, and the dry, rolling weeds looked fairly alive and much as if they were enjoying a lively race. Watching them, Dean forgot his troubles in his interest to see which would be the first to reach the fence.

The smallest one came first, crept under the fence and rolled joyously on, while the two big weeds stuck fast in the wires.

"Go it, little fellow," Dean shouted after the wildly rolling tumble weed. "I wish you could tell Dad to come for me," he added gloomily.





THE BEACON CLUB

OUR PURPOSE: Helpfulness.

OUR MOTTO: Let your light shine.

OUR BADGE: The Beacon Club Button.



Writing a letter for this corner makes you a member of the Beacon Club. Address The Beacon Club, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.

Mt. Lebanon Street,
East Pepperell, Mass.

Dear Miss Buck,—I should like very much to become a member of the Beacon Club. I am fourteen years old and in the eighth grade of grammar school. I belong to the Community Church of Pepperell. Our minister's name is Mr. Drawbridge. Would any girl reader of *The Beacon* care to correspond with me?

Yours truly,

FLORENCE MAY WALKER.

NORTHFIELD, MASS.

My Dear Miss Buck,—I should like very much to become a member of the Beacon Club and wear the button. I am twelve years old and I am in the poultry club and have five hens and nineteen little chicks. I am in the seventh grade. I go to the Unitarian Sunday school here. I like *The Beacon* very much, and I like all the different puzzles.

Sincerely yours,

WALTER J. ALDRICH.

"That's it," he cried joyously, his eyes lighting with a sudden thought. "I'll write my message and tie it to a big tumble weed. Dad will be sure to find it. They always stick in the fence by the barn till the wind blows them to pieces."

Dean took out his handkerchief and wrapped his scratched and bleeding hand with it before writing the note to his father. Then he picked out the largest weed.

"I'll tie it to this one," he thought. "It's a whopper and will roll down to the barn in no time."

Then his heart sank, and he sat back discouraged. His father would never notice the paper; it was too near the color of the weed to which it was pinned.

The bright red satin lining of his new cap caught his eye. He took his knife and ripped the lining from the cap.

"Perhaps mother won't mind sewing it in again," he said ruefully.

He pinned the message—"Hurt—at gate—come quick. DEAN"—carefully inside a fold of the red cloth, and fastened the cloth to the weed.

Careful not to break the tumbler, he worked it through the fence with slow and painful effort. Every move hurt him. When once the big round weed was fairly through the wires, it tugged to get loose.

"Good luck to you," Dean called after it as it raced along with the wind and in a moment disappeared over the hill, the red signal flashing brightly as it rolled.

Dean crawled up to the big gate-post and leaned against it, feeling weak and faint. "I didn't give up, anyway. I thought out a way to get the message through," he said, thinking of Uncle Joe.

Tired but hopeful, Dean sat waiting. In less than half an hour he was rewarded by seeing Daddy, with "Sport" at his heels, coming over the crest of the hill.

"I got your wireless message, Dean,"

Dear Miss Buck,—I have joined the Beacon Club, but I am sending a letter for some more girls to write to.

I write to quite a few girls now, but I would like very much to have some more.

Very sincerely yours,
GRACE L. BELYEA.

126 MADISON AVENUE,
FLUSHING, N.Y.

Dear Miss Buck,—I received your letter on October 11, which was my birthday, and something else very funny happened about the Beacon Club button. It came the day before my birthday, so you gave me a birthday present even if you did not know it. I will be very glad to make some puzzles for the Recreation Corner in the paper, if I can.

Cordially yours,

PAUL B. HOEBER, JR.

New members in Massachusetts are Dorothea Ware of the First Church Sunday school, Boston; Avis Rogers, Gardner; Donald D. Walker, Millbrook; Mary Domay Barber and Betty and Jean Slocombe, Ware; Adele R. Herrick, Stow; Miriam Davis, West Roxbury

Daddy exclaimed, smiling down at him. "The big tumble weed rolled down and stuck in the fence right in front of me, and of course I went right away to find out what that red thing could be."

"I thought you would," answered Dean, smiling back at him.

A young lady whose stock of baseball knowledge was not so large as she believed, sat watching the game that was proving very disastrous to the home team, says *Everybody's Magazine*. Along about the eighth inning she turned to her escort and exclaimed, "Isn't our pitcher grand? He hits their bats, no matter where they hold them!"

Our Young Contributors.

BUTTERCUP HALL.

BY BRENDA HELOISE GREEN.
(Age, 11 years.)

Inside a tiny buttercup
There lived a fairy crowd,
They rode upon the butterflies
That sailed as like a cloud.

Around this lovely fairy home
A ring of grass was seen,
It grew around this buttercup
And was a brighter green.

This tiny flower had just five rooms,
But fairies are quite small,
There were a hundred with the queen
That lived within this hall.

And on some lovely moonlight night
You'll see them dancing here,
But if they see you they will hide
Although they have no fear.

This hall or castle as 'tis called,
Is furnished with pure gold,
It lies beneath a maple tree,
At least so I've been told.

And if you chance to see it there,
Hide in the branches by,
And do not make a single sound
But watch with careful eye.

RECREATION CORNER.

ENIGMA XI.

I am composed of 16 letters.
My 10, 13, 5, 6, is to kill.
My 14, 15, 4, 11, is a sea-bird.
My 2, 3, 13, 1, is what summer brings.
My 5, 7, 8, 9, is the end of a prayer.
My 12, 6, 16, is an important part of the body.
My whole is a well-known Unitarian organization.

A. A. G.

ENIGMA XII.

I am composed of 24 letters.
My 11, 10, 22, 17, 3, 8, is my behavior.
My 14, 19, 13, 1, is a dwelling place.
My 18, 7, 20, 9, is in the country.
My 23, 16, 4, 12, is a system of rules.
My 15, 2, 7, 5, 6, 21, is an old-fashioned carriage.
My 24 is the fifth letter of the alphabet.
My whole is an important meeting soon to be held in this country.

D. H.

CONUNDRUMS.

1. What is the merriest sauce?
2. What sort of day would be good for running for a cup?
3. What tune makes everybody glad?
4. What trade is more than full?

LA VON LARKIN.

ANAGRAM BLANKS.

Fill the blanks in the following sentence with a word of four letters and its transpositions: I request that you will find a . . . , while our good friend from the . . . tries these . . . , and . . . some dinner.

E. O. S.

RIDDLE.

Serene I lie beneath the sky,
A lovely sight to see;
But trust me not; with calm forgot,
Most cruel I can be.
I cry aloud, nor fear the crowd
Who try to still my voice;
And yet I make shade near the lake;
I'm often the cook's choice.
Youth's Companion.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN NO 4.

ENIGMA VII.—The brotherhood of man.
ENIGMA VIII.—Charles Dickens.
BEHEADINGS.—1. B-ring. 2. O-range. 3. C-owl. 4. G-rind. 5. H-earth. 6. V-alley. 7. S-wing.

FAMOUS ANIMALS.—1. Barry, the famous mastiff of Great St. Bernard's. 2. The wooden horse planned by Ulysses and taken into Troy. 3. The geese that cackled and awoke the garrison when the Gauls invaded Rome. 4. The asp that stung Cleopatra.

THE BEACON

REV. FLORENCE BUCK, EDITOR

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